

The Tragedie

But if blacke scandall or so foule fact reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God blesse your grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.

Buc. To morrow, then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good cousen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marques
Dorset at one doore, Dutches of Gloucester
at another doore.*

Dut. Who meetes vs heere my Neece *Plantagenet*?

Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks wee'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lien. Well Maddam and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged to the contrary.

Qu. The King, why, who's that?

Lien. I cry you mercy I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bonds betwixt there loue and me:
I am their mother who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.

Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

of Richard the Third.

Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee one my perill.

Lien. I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerent looker one, of two faire Queenes.

Come Madam, you must goe with me to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found
With this dead liking newes.

Dor. Madam haue comfort, how fares your grace?

Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouer strip death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Rebrend* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Least thou increace the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margrets* curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Sta. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage at the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.

Dut. Yor. O ill disperfing winde of misery,
O my accursed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hath thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come Madam, I in all hast was sent for.

Dut. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to god that the inclusive verge
Of goulden mettall that must round my browe,
Were red hotte Steele to seare me to the braine,
Ann ynted let me be with deadly poyson,
And die ere men can say God saue the Queene.